

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.
ELEVENTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY KENTUCKY. THURSDAY FEBRUARY 20, 1906.

NUMBER 47.

Winchester Bank

WINCHESTER, KY.

R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.

Capital, \$200,000.00.

Surplus, \$60,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men.

throughout Eastern Kentucky, and

offers its customers every facility, and

most liberal terms within the limits of

sound banking.

W. W. THOMSON, Cashier.

Respectfully solicit the business of mer-

chants, farmers, traders and business men

throughout Eastern Kentucky, and

offer to send you a bank book, pay your

checks, and loan you money when in need.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

WOLFE COUNTY.

Lee City.

J. Miles Wilson of Daysboro,

was in town Sunday.

Thomas Calhoun moved to town

last week and was charivared.

Oscar Fallen has improved his

dwelling by adding a kitchen and

dining room.

Wm. H. Wagers and Miss Mary

J. Taulbee were married February

13, Lee Taulbee officiating.

Mrs. A. M. Nickell has been sick

about two months, but is wonder-

fully improved at this writing.

Charley Russell, of Clay City,

was here last week in the interest

of the Center Lumber Company.

A. H. Kash, of Torrent, was here

Saturday, bought some candy and

started off in the direction of Ab-

ner Moore's.

M. H. Courtney and F. Cox, of

Clay City, and C. J. Allen, of Mil-

waukee, Wis., were here last Wed-

nesday on business.

Clay Rose has bought the A. C.

Nickell steam saw and grist mill,

and will move it to Lee City soon.

as we have no grist mill here.

Born, to the wife W. F. Lacy, a

few weeks ago, a boy. Frank says

his name is Wm. O. Bradley Lacy.

Also, to the wife of Riley Patrick,

a boy.

J. B. Rose moved to Morgan

county last week on a farm he

bought of Pink Murphy; Abner

Moore moves to town this week;

C. B. Allen to the J. B. Rose farm

and Dr. J. R. Carroll to the C. B.

Allen property.

And.

Lane Locals.

Born, on the 12th inst., to the

wife of D. B. Hollon, a girl.

Shanghai has been sleeping for

some time, but he is now awake.

W. G. Gose is conducting a sing-

ing school at Balfield school

house.

We have Sabbath school and

proaching every Sunday at the

new church.

Frank Hatton and his sister,

Miss Ezel, left Holly Saturday for

Breathitt county.

Wm. Swango, of your place,

drove a nice bunch of young cattle

from Holly last week.

We thought that Holly was im-

proving when Ben Sewell married,

but Sarah took him from us.

The news has just reached us

that Mrs. D. B. Rose, formerly of

your town, but recently of Lane,

is dying. She has been very bad

for some time.

Margaret Ingram, who has been

confined to her bed for some time,

departed this life Friday night,

the 14th inst. She leaves a hus-

band, two children and a host of

friends to mourn her loss.

The Holly singing class was in-

ited to a singing at J. N. Cham-

bers, of Stillwater, Friday night.

Several of the class went and are

glad to say they met with about

50 of Stillwater's belles, old men,

women and children. Our young

people say they never enjoyed

themselves better, and are anx-

iously awaiting another call.

SHANGHAI.

MORGAN COUNTY.

Ezel Evolutions.

Success to the grand old HERALD.

Ben McNabb transacted busi-

ness in town last Thursday.

Dr. J. F. Lockhart is at Mt.

Sterling this week on business.

H. M. Fannin and his son,

George, are visiting on the Elk

fork.

Rev. Wm. Yocum and others

closed a very interesting meeting

at the Flat Gap school house.

Rev. Patrick and sister, of

Bloomington, Ky., were in town

last week having dental work done.

John Henry Ferguson, the boss

carpenter and machinist of the

mountains, was in town this week

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Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they can-

not reach the diseased portion of

the ear. There is only one way to

cure Deafness, and that is by con-

stitutional remedies. Deafness is

caused by an inflamed condition

of the mucous lining of the Eus-

tachian Tube. When this tube

gets inflamed you have a rumbling

sound or imperfect hearing, and

when it is entirely closed Deafness

is the result, and unless the inflam-

mation can be taken out and this

tube restored to its normal condi-

tion, hearing will be destroyed for-

ever; nine cases out of ten are

caused by catarrh, which is nothing

but an inflamed condition of the

mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dol-

lars for any case of Deafness

(caused by catarrh) that cannot

be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Young Napoleon of Finance.

A precocious youth of this town,

aged six years or thereabouts, is

threatening to bring suit against

his paternal sire for the sum of

one dollar and ten per cent, claim-

ed as interest on the amount al-

leged to have been loaned. The

young American held a note for

the amount, which was signed for

his pa by his ma, but a few days

since destroyed the document and

now regrets that he was so "fisty

in tearing up the paper," as he

expresses it. Litigants will watch

the outcome of this legal proceed-

ing with unusual interest owing to

the novelty of the case, unless it

should be amicably settled by ar-

bitration, and as the sympathy of

the community is with the young

Napoleon of finance he will doubt-

less win his suit in any event. If

the case goes to court it will prob-

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN. : : : KY.

THREE SONGS.

Where the daisies and the queenly golden
rod

In a clover-cushioned meadow, sunshine
spread

And dew-fed,
You may hear the happy-heard hobnob,
And you'll think

That his song a melody is of what he sees
As the breeze

Blends the daisies, golden rod and clover
tops.

By the blossoms that he sings to in his song
Borne along.

From a tree top reared above a listening
wood

Hear the broken through rhapsodie
the glowing west

Of his brilliant, parti-colored melody.
You would see

That his song is but a mirror of the glow
And the glow

Of the scarlet and the yellow and the gold,
Sunset told.

Born of silence and of softened solitude
Is the mood

In the sighing vespers of twilight
In the hush

Where the silence and the shadow seem to
run

But the singer has a melody by the wood
Understood.

While the daisies and the queenly golden
rod

Smile and nod.
—George Gladden, in Springfield (Mass.)
Republican.

THE PROFESSOR'S EYE.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

"There is one thing," said the colonel, as we were walking along the Strand one evening, "in which London is behind the age, and that is in the matter of electric lighting. Think my own town of New Berlinopolis. It hasn't more than 50,000 inhabitants, but there isn't a gas lamp in the whole place, except in a few houses. The streets and most of the houses are lighted with electricity, and I shouldn't be surprised to find when I get home again that our people were doing all their cooking and housewarming by electric light. Why von Britten still sticks to gas as you do is something that I cannot account for."

"Did I ever tell you about old Prof. Van Wagoner and his electric inventions? Well, that looks like a respectable barroom, and if you agree, we'll stop in and have a little something, and I'll tell you about the professor. He was one of our most remarkable men, and though the general public doesn't know it, he did more for the cause of electricity than almost any man in America, except Edison."

"About two years ago," began the colonel as he slipped his hat Scotch and tried in vain to tilt back on its imaginary hind legs the sofa on which he was sitting, "Prof. Van Wagoner was crazy, as most folk thought, on the subject of electricity. Incandescent lamps were his particular style of lunacy, and he made up his mind that he wouldn't have any other sort of light in his house. You see, his sight was beginning to get a little dim, which made him dissatisfied with gas, and then he had knocked over his kerosene lamp—paraffin, I believe, you call it over here, though I don't see what right you have, 'savin' new names for things we Americans have named—half a dozen times, and he had come so near to setting the house on fire that he was anxious to get rid of kerosene altogether. Then, again, he believed that electricity would be a good deal cheaper than gas, provided it was properly managed. And I'm inclined to think that he was right. Anyway, he told Mrs. Van Wagoner that he was going to furnish the house with incandescent light, and that she might sell her kerosene lamps and gas fixtures for what they were worth."

"Now this old professor was not only an ingenious man, but he was a practical man, which is something that a professor very seldom is. He saw that it was all a mistake to have lights fixed in one place, as gas burners are, or to have them carried about by hand like ordinary lamps or candles. 'Incandescent' lamps are what you have," said he, which, I suppose, means lamps fastened on the top of our heads, though I admit that I don't know any German to speak of. So the professor, as soon as he had taken the gas fixtures out of the front hall, fitted electric incandescent light on the top of the head of the housemaid and supplied it from a storage battery that was concealed under the girl's back hair. When there was no need for a light in the front hall it was left in darkness, but whenever any thing rang at the front door the maid just turned up her light and answered the bell. She was a rather pretty girl, and she made a fine effect with the lamp glowing on the top of her head and lighting up her face in the way that would have made an ugly face pretty hard to hear. When she showed visitors into the parlor she would walk in front of them, lighting the way, and everybody declared that she was a long way superior to the best light that had ever been previously known."

"Then the professor fitted a light in the inside of his silk hat and cut openings in the hat to let the light shine through. In front of the hat was a

window of plain glass, on the right side was a pane of green glass, and on the left side one of red glass. You see, the professor's idea was that his lights would show which way he was heading when he went out on the street after dark. Any man who knows the rule of the road will know by the color of my lights which way I am heading, and can keep out of my way. This was very convenient for the old gentleman, for, as I have said, his sight was rather dim, letting alone the fact that he had one glass eye, and this was the case he often ran into people and horses, and things, when he was out after dark. He made a good deal of a sensation the first time he appeared with his lights burning their brightest, and, as was natural, he had a pretty big crowd following him. The policeman was always a little doubtful about the thing at the start, for a policeman always thinks that everything that is new must be unlawful. However, the professor was so generally respected that even the policeman hesitated to clash his ideas into his head."

"Prof. Van Wagoner had a danger which was maddening popular with the young men, although she did not know an awful lot of mathematics and chemistry. Of course, her father fitted her, as he did everybody else in his house, with an electric headlight, but the girl wasn't very well pleased with it. When a young man came to see her she would turn herself on and light him on the back parlor, where they would sit together and talk. But somehow the young men never seemed to make much progress after Miss Sally was lighted by electricity. Whether it was that no fellow likes to have an electric light resting on his shoulder or whether it was because there was no way of turning the light down till it would burn in a cozy, subdued way, like gas when it is turned down by an intelligent girl, I can't say, but the result of the thing was that Sally didn't get a single offer from the day her father lit her up with the incandescent light. At first she begged him to let her have a kerosene light, and when he wouldn't do it she cried a good deal and said that he wanted her to die an old maid. That's what would probably have happened if it hadn't been for the intelligence of a young man who came to see her before the winter was quite over and brought a candle with him every time he came. He said the light shone and then turn herself off for the rest of the evening, and she gathered in for young man the very second time he called at the house."

"Prof. Van Wagoner had a cat that he thought was so unusual and considerable taste for science, and nothing would satisfy him till he had provided the cat with the electric headlight. He had considerable difficulty in fastening the light on the cat's head, for, although the professor was a good deal of a tinker, he was not a tinker to take a good deal of interest in watching him experimenting with different sorts of things in his chemical laboratory, she drew the line at electricity, and objected to being lighted up like the rest of the people in the house. However, the professor would not listen to her, and the first night the lamp was in working order he put the cat in the kitchen and told her to lay for mice. The cat was so used to being paid considerable attention to the mice, but just flicking her chops and saying to herself that, after all, there was considerable good in electricity. She never made the least attempt to catch the mice, considering that she would be so much like a man to take advantage of their condition. The girl just gave one scream, and then she got out of that kitchen and fainted dead away on the hall floor, breaking her headlight in her fall and creating a good deal of excitement in the house. The professor came down and swept up the mice and carried them out in a basket. They do say that there was pretty near a bushel of mice, but I don't doubt that the thing was exaggerated. Anyhow, the house was completely cleared of mice, and whether the professor drowned his basketful or just let them loose anywhere in the street, I never know. I think that the professor was so sure that a scientific man would have been maddling sure to do."

"There was one person in the professor's family who didn't like the electric light business. That was Mrs. Van Wagoner. She was a woman of good deal of character, people said, and of course we all know that when a woman is said to have a great deal of character what is meant is that she can make herself right with everybody and everybody else. Mrs. Van Wagoner always disliked her husband's scientific habits. She used to say that some men were kept up late at night by whisky and some by science, but of the two she preferred the first. She was a woman of the whisky. Mrs. Waterman, who lived next door to Mrs. Van Wagoner, had a husband who drank considerable whisky, and Mrs. Van Wagoner used to say to her: 'My dear, don't you grieve for me, for I never drink, and I know where he is, but when my husband goes to work in his laboratory I never know from one minute to another whether he is alive, and all in one place, or whether he has blown himself up and is scattered all over the country in

more'n a million bits.' You see, the professor had blown himself up and scattered all over the country in a little prejudiced against chemistry, though he had never done himself any great harm, except when he lost his eye."

"Well, as I was saying, Mrs. Van Wagoner was mighty opposed to her husband's lights, and she did nothing to induce her to wear one on her head. She compromised by wearing a light fastened to her waistband, but she complained that it was a—very little use when she wanted to go out at night, and she had a joned kerosene lamp every time, she used to say. 'Some day this year electricity will blow up and kill the whole of us.' By the way did you ever notice that women always believe that electricity is liable to explode? I remember that when we had electric bells put into our house in New Berlinopolis, my aunt, who kept house for me, used to warn the servants never to bring a lighted candle near the electric wires for fear of setting the electricity on fire and blowing up the house. Say what you will for women, you can't honestly say that they have scientific minds."

"There was one thing that troubled the professor, and that was his electric lights rigged up in the top of his hat, as I believe I told you. This was all right when he took his walks abroad, but it wasn't quite so convenient in his house. Every time the professor wanted a light he had either call the maid, or his daughter, or his wife, or else he had to put on his hat. Now he had a fashion of reading in bed, and he found it mighty awkward to go to bed with his hat on, which was what he had to do if he wanted a light to read by. One day a happy thought struck him, and he told his wife that he had solved the problem of his headlight at last."

"The glass eye isn't of very much use except for show, and the professor had had that had always annoyed the professor ever since he began to wear a glass eye. He now saw his way to make the eye useful and to give himself the same convenience that a man ever has with his headlight. He took a glass eye with an incandescent fiber in the middle of it, and to run it by a storage battery in his waistcoat pocket. So he went to work and, being a very ingenious workman, as well as a very intelligent of science, he turned out a glass eye that couldn't be distinguished from a natural one, so far as appearances went, and that had an electric light of six-candle power in the middle of it."

"It was the biggest success that the professor had ever had. Wherever he went after dark that eye was blazing away and lighting up the path. When he wanted to read there was his light in just the handiest place it could possibly be. The line which was run from it down to his waistcoat pocket were concealed under his hair, so that hardly anybody would notice them, and when he wanted to put his hand to his forehead, or to scratch his head, he was not obliged to take it out of his pocket. Then again the thing operated like a dark lantern, for whenever the professor wanted to turn his light off in a hurry and without fussing, he would just take the eye out of his head to do was to shut his eye. The light would keep on burning behind the eyelid, but it wouldn't be bright enough to attract attention."

"The day the professor got his new eye-lighting outfit he was out for a walk at home, having gone out to spend the day and evening. He lit himself up early in the evening, and, keeping in his room, he wasn't seen by anybody. When night came he went to bed early, so as to enjoy the rest of the night in bed. He took the storage battery out of his pocket and put it under the pillow, and, when he stretched himself out in bed, with a book in his hand and his eyes closed, he was as comfortable as power, he was about the happiest man in all New Berlinopolis. He read and read, until he began to get sleepy, and then he put down his book and thought over a lot of scientific things, till he accidentally fell asleep. All the while he could close the lid over the illuminated eye if he wanted to, but as a rule he didn't close that lid, but slept with it open. Mrs. Van Wagoner came home in the course of time, and naturally went up to her bedroom. She was a strong-minded woman, who was about as likely to steal sheep as to faint away, but she admitted afterward that when she entered the room and saw the professor sleeping, she was so sure that he was nearer dropping on the floor than she had ever done before. However, she pulled herself together and woke the professor up. She never said just how she did it, but it's my idea that he was so tired that he couldn't resist, and was ever waked before. She told him that this time he had gone too far; that his illuminated eye was simply blasphemous, and she wouldn't stay in the house any more, and she wouldn't go to her room, with it. It's bad enough for a man to sleep with a glass eye wide open," says she, "but when it comes to an illuminated eye it is more than any Christian woman is called to bear."

"The professor, when he was waked, was very much annoyed, and he was denying that it was a very convenient thing. So he said that he really couldn't afford to give up one of the most important inventions of the age just because of a woman's whim, and he stuck to this view of the case all through the night. The next morning Mrs. Van Wagoner went home to her mother, and brought a suit for a divorce against the professor on the ground of cruel and inhuman treatment. When the case came on to be tried, the professor was compelled to show the practical work, and he illuminated the eye to the jury, and they found a verdict for the plaintiff without leaving their seats."

"The professor didn't seem to care very much about it, for the only thing he did was to say that he was selling his eye, and now that he had his house to himself, he had nobody to interrupt him in his experiments. But he never could go into the street with his eye lit up without causing a crowd to collect and follow him, and presently there was an injunction got out against him, forbidding him to wear his eye in public, on the ground that it constituted a nuisance and led to breaches of the peace. The poor old gentleman was angry with the court, and he wouldn't go into the street either by day or night, and the consequence was that, not having any exercise, he took sick and died. Well, he was a mighty bright light of science, and it's my opinion that some of the things he did with his eye of illuminated servant girls, and the like, and make a fortune out of it, though I'm willing to admit that I don't believe that illuminated glass eyes will ever become popular."—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

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SOME CURIOUS PAYMENTS.

Items of Expense in British Government and for Royalty.

If anyone will take the trouble to wade through the civil service estimates for the coming year, contained in a portly blue book of more than 500 pages, he will be repaid by finding a number of curious items. Here are a few taken at random: The turner at Buckingham palace, who is paid £1 a week for acting as rat-catcher. The Windsor castle rat-catcher has an honorarium of £10. Payments at New include £30 to experts for naming cryptograms.

The cost of warming, watering and lighting the houses of parliament is estimated at £15,200 for the year. For dusting the books in the house of lords' library £50 is to be paid, or £10 more than last year. In the sergeant-at-arms' department allowance is made for the cost of the civil service, and for two housemaids at £40 each. At the treasury women typewriters are paid from 16 shillings to 25 shillings a week, the superintendent receiving from 25 shillings to 30 shillings a week. There are also quite a number of other odd jobs abroad. All but one receives £400 a year, and he has half that amount. An additional allowance is made to these mysterious personages of £1 a day while the stationery office returns the cost of supplying parliamentary papers to free libraries at £100 a year, and the cost of note paper and envelopes for official use at £3,500.

Those who correspond with friends in the civil service will be surprised at the small amount of the amount. It was obtained by the publication of the London, Edinburgh and Dublin "Gazettes" was £24,576 last year, or a falling off of nearly £1,105. The ushers in the courts of chancery are paid £100 a year, and the ushers in the queen's bench. The inspectors employed by the historical manuscripts commission in visiting collections of manuscripts receive 2 guineas a day. Over £3,500 is spent by the state in the clothing of the king, £1,740 in the queen's premises, and £1,563 in the queen's plates run for Irish revenues.—Westminster Gazette.

Peculiarities of Lightning.

Persons struck by lightning have had small holes drilled in the skull, but otherwise they were not marked. Victims have been horribly burned and killed. A stroke of lightning has cut off a man's ear, or shaved his hair and beard clean, and not hurt him in any other way. The markings are often curious. Blue is the common color, but they have been red, green and black, and occasionally the whole body turns black. Negroes who have been struck by lightning have had their skin bleached in spots to absolute whiteness. One negro struck by lightning found, after he had recovered consciousness, that he had a stroke of lightning has cut off a man's ear, or shaved his hair and beard clean, and not hurt him in any other way. The markings are often curious. Blue is the common color, but they have been red, green and black, and occasionally the whole body turns black. Negroes who have been struck by lightning have had their skin bleached in spots to absolute whiteness. 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THE FARMING WORLD.

ABOUT FARM DAIRYING.

Prof. Wm. of Cornell University, thinks of it.

Many think that the creamery butter is better than can be made on the farm. This is entirely erroneous. Not only is it perfectly possible to make as good butter on the farm as can be made, but it is a matter of no great difficulty to do so. It requires no expensive or elaborate equipment. The principles governing the manufacture of good butter are the same in either case; and observance will result in good butter on the farm just as surely as their observance will result in bad butter in the factory. That this is so is seen in the fact that numerous private dairymen, following recognized these principles, are selling more for their butter made up in a small way in a private dairy than given for the very best grades of factory butter. Indeed, from the fact that the private dairymen can control their cows, their feed and care, and the milk from the time it leaves the cow until the finished product goes on the market, they are able to make a new grade and more uniform product than the factory man, who cannot control these important conditions. Notwithstanding the possibilities of the case, the facts are that today the creamery butter made on the farm is sold for a few prices than that made in creameries. Let us look for a moment at some of the reasons for this condition of affairs.

In the first place, there is a large amount of butter made on farms that is not good to begin with, and justly should not bring any more than it usually does. This sort of butter is usually made where the cows and butter making are not of side channels of the business. The milk and butter must meet the demands of all the other farm and house work before they receive attention. It is made where the maker is ignorant, careless and dirty. The cows are milked at the convenience of the maker, and the milk is strained and put into the creamery at some indefinite time thereafter, when the hired girl is ready. Sometimes the cream is removed in six hours, and sometimes not for four days. In hot weather the cream gets so sour, and in cold, it sometimes never gets sour at all, it is churned at a temperature sometimes below, but often too high, and never gets alike. The butter made is not completely removed, salt is added by guess, and it is worked by hand strength till the dairy maid gets tired, during the whole process it associates more or less intimately with the cooked and uncooked food in the family pantry, and the wonder is not that it is bad, but that it is as good as it is.

BICYCLES AND ROADS.

Indirectly the Wheeling Craze Will Be of Use to Farmers.

It is estimated that 500,000 bicycles will be sold the present year, to such enormous proportions has the craze for the "wheel" attained. I do not suppose that any great number of these will go into the hands of farmers, and yet the farmer is likely to be greatly benefited by this piece of mechanism in any class of citizens, for while country people have for generations been struggling along over poor, rough and badly made roads, no sooner has this great army of bicyclers arisen than there has arisen a concerted movement all over the country for better roads. Never before has public attention been so fully drawn to the matter of better, better, better highways, and, what is more to the purpose, substantial progress has been made, not only in arousing public opinion, but in actually forcing a beginning to be made in scientific road construction. In many instances states have taken hold of the matter and are constructing state highways, while elsewhere counties have undertaken the same work. Nothing succeeds so well as the matter, and the experience with these new roads is sure to lead to the building of others near them, and so the good work will spread.—Practical Farmer.

FROST-PROOF PUMP.

A Box That Will Prevent Freezing Even in Very Severe Weather.

A box of the right size and shape is procured, and, with one end removed, is placed about the pump and firmly fastened to the platform. The

water is hinged to form the front, and a longer spout is used instead of the one that belongs to the pump. This spout can be bored out of a piece of pipe in a few moments. The inclosed pump the pump will keep it from freezing, even in very severe weather, and the door to the box shuts snugly, and other cracks let in the cold air.—George Judd Farmer.

Here, dry air and a low temperature are required for pear.

FRUIT BARK BEETLE.

Although a Recent Importation It Has Done Much Harm.

This insect is comparatively new to the farmer and fruit growers of the United States, having been known in this country less than 20 years. It has been a serious pest to various kinds of fruit trees in Germany for over 50 years, and was found working upon fruit trees in the vicinity of Elmira, N. Y., in 1877. It has gradually spread in all directions, especially through the south and central west. It was observed in large numbers in orchards in South Carolina in 1885-86, and was very destructive to fruit trees in Illinois in 1888. Two years later it was found in Indiana, and is now well established throughout the central Mississippi valley.

My attention has been called to it many times during the present year, in orchards throughout central and southern Illinois. It is becoming a very serious pest, and many orchardists are becoming greatly alarmed. It does not confine its attacks to fruit trees, but is found working on shade and ornamental trees as well; usually the maple, elm and mountain ash.

The beetle will attack perfectly healthy trees, but has a decided preference for weak and sickly ones. A tree infested with this insect can be easily detected by a little careful observation. The trunk and larger branches are usually peppered full of round holes, about the size of a pin head, as shown in the accompanying illustration at Fig. 2. In many instances the gummy excretion from these punctures is very conspicuous, standing out in bead-like or running down the branches and trunk. I have even many trees, especially cherry, in this

condition the present season. The little beetle responsible for this mischief is about one-tenth of an inch in length and one-third as wide. It is round, black, does somewhat of its injury in general form, and under a glass of moderate power shows a clothing of yellowish hairs on the head and wings are short and stout.

The young, that hatch from these eggs, feed upon the inner bark and sapwood, making long channels running in all directions from the central groove. These young worms frequently become so numerous as to completely girdle the branch or trunk as the case may be. The young have no feet, and are white, with small brown heads, of the general shape shown in Fig. 3. They transform these channels, and in due time the adults at their way out, thus making more openings similar to the ones made by the female when depositing her eggs. There are probably two broods each year. One brood deposits its eggs in September and the second passes the winter as larvae or worms under the bark. These transform in the spring, and begin to emerge as adults as early as the middle of March. I have also found full grown adults the last of July.

The fact that the fall brood passes the winter in the larvae state, the first remedy that suggests itself, is the cutting down and destruction by burning, of all infested trees during the winter. I would recommend this procedure only in extreme cases or where the trees are of no special value. An attempt at extermination would mean the absolute destruction of every tree showing even the least attack. Experimentation with various sprays and washes for controlling this pest has not been carried forward very rapidly. Trees supplied with a strong solution of Bordeaux mixture and Paris green combined, at about double the strength which is generally used, have given very promising results. The first application should be made about April 1 and the second two weeks later. In order to be most effective, the spraying should be done before any of the characteristic marks of the insect are found upon the trees as it will be much easier to prevent the attack than to destroy the beetles after they have once entered the tree.—Prof. W. G. Johnson, in Western Rural.

Annual Loss From Pear Roads.

Gen. Henry Rogers, government engineer in charge of the department of road inquiry, said at the National Good Roads conference at Asbury Park last year that there are about 500,000,000 tons of freight haulage over roads every year in this country, and 60 per cent of the cost of doing it was due to bad roads. He believed that the loss from poor roads in this country would aggregate no less than \$625,000,000 annually.

The Miller Queen raspberry is highly spoken of as vigorous and as early and productive bearer.

The Snake Had the Best of It.

A Quaker driving a single horse chased up a narrow lane happened to meet a young man who was also in a single horse chase. There was not room enough for them to pass each other, unless one of them would back his carriage, which both refused. "I'll not make way for you," said the young fellow, with an oath. "I think I am older than thou art," said the Quaker, "and therefore have a right to expect thee to make way for me." "I won't," resumed the first. He then pulled out a newspaper and began to read, as he sat still in his chaise. The Quaker, observing him, pulled out a pipe and tobacco from his pocket, lighted his pipe, and sat and puffed away very comfortably. "Friend," said he, "when thou hast read that paper I should be glad if thou wouldst lend it to me." The young man gave up the contest.

HERBAGE FOR PENNSYLVANIA.

The farmers of Pennsylvania are to be congratulated. M. M. Luther, East Troy, Pa., grew over 200 bushels Salzer's Silage Maize on the measured acre. Think of it! Now there are thirty thousand farmers going to try and beat Mr. Luther and win \$200 in gold; and they'll do it. Will you?

Then there is Silver King barley, cropped on potatoes and per acre in 1893. Isn't that wonderful!—and corn 230 bush, and potatoes and grasses and clovers, fodder plants, etc., etc. Freight is cheap toll points.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT with the postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive their mammoth catalogue and ten packages grains and grasses, including about oats, free. (K.)

SELF-CONTROL. is promoted by humility. Pride is a fruitful source of uneasiness. It keeps the mind in disquiet. Humility is the antidote to this evil.—Mrs. Sigourney.

Cheap Excursions to South Southwest.

On January 14 and 28, February 11 and March 11, 1894, the Santa Fe Route will run a series of home-seekers' excursions from the East to principal points in Arkansas, Arizona, Colorado, Missouri, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas. Ticket rate will be about one fare for round-trip, with liberal limits and stop-over privileges. These Santa Fe Route excursions will enable you to take a winter trip to a new country.

By addressing G. T. Nicholson, G. P. A., Monmouth Building, Chicago, you can obtain free literature descriptive of the Great Southwest.

The Gift of a Good Stomach.

Is one of the most beneficent donations conferred to us by nature. How often is the grossly abused! Whether the stomach is naturally weak, or has been rendered so by improvidence in eating or drinking, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best agent for its restoration to vigor and activity. Both digestion and appetite are renewed by this fine tonic, which also overcomes constipation, biliousness, indigestion, kidney and rheumatic ailments and nervousness.

When asked why she rejected me, Her reasons were most frank; She weighed me in the balance—and I had none in the bank.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free to Fil cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 381 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"This is an old occasion for you, sister," essayed the comforter. "I allow it is," assented the widow. "But it is a heap sadder for Bill."—Indianapolis Journal.

I AM entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Fio's Cure for Consumption.—LOUISA LINDMAN, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 9, 94.

This is the course of every evil deed, that, propagating, still it brings forth evil.—Coleridge.

THREE through sleeping car lines to Florida daily via the Quaker & Crescent Route.

With all his experience the barber had to employ another man to shingle his roof.—Boston Transcript.

DOOLAN.—" Fitzgerald says he's discredited from some of the greatest houses in Ireland. Mulcahy—'Mush! So he did many's the time—on a hillside!'—Puck.

NELL.—"Mr. Sophomore said I was a perfect picture." Belle—'Yes; he asked me whether you bought your color.'—Philadelphia Record.

DOCTOR.—"You have something wrong with your digestive organs." Patient—'Well, considering my three daughters are learning to cook, it is hardly to be wondered at.'—Flagging Blatter.

THAT we do not half appreciate the good things in this life. When a man is in the midst of a sound and dreamless sleep he has no idea of what a good time he is having.

HEN.—"I guess there's going to be some snow tonight in our church city." She—'You don't mean it?'—Yes, I do; the centurion is going to marry the tenor.'—Yonkers Statesman.

I LOVE to dirt with the college boys Because they are so nice; And when they kiss me once I know They're going to kiss me twice.—Harvard Lampoon.

PUZZLING CASE.—Miss Gushington—'Oh, Jack, I could not live without you. Jack impudently—'I don't see how the deuce you are going to live with me.'—Detroit Free Press.

WIFE.—"I can remember the time when you followed me wherever I went, now you do not care to go anywhere with me. I never thought that your love would grow cold."—'Nonsense! I mean don't run for a street car after he has caught it.'—Boston Transcript.

"I HAVE only myself to blame," said Rivers, shaking his fist at the water from his garments and shivering. "The weather man grew cold."—'Nonsense! I mean don't run for a street car after he has caught it.'—Chicago Tribune.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. It is not a permanent condition, and it is entirely cured by a simple and safe method, and the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever, since cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular, free.

J. C. Chas. & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 50c.

She—"I wish you wouldn't smoke that cigarette in my presence." He—"Then I'll throw it away." "Oh, I didn't mean that."—Life.

To California in Fullman Tourist Sleeping Car.

The Burlington Route (C. & Q. R. R.) runs personally conducted, economical California, leaving Chicago every Wednesday. Through cars to California destinations, fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, bedding, toilet rooms, etc.; every convenience. Special agent in charge, Route via Denver and Salt Lake. Surrounding all the way. Write for descriptive pamphlet to F. A. Grady, Excursion Manager, 211 Clark St., Chicago.

A MEMORY without blot or contamination must be an exquisite treasure, an inextinguishable source of pure refreshment.—C. D'Arcy.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is a monthly paper published by the Passenger Department of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. It is designed to give reliable information concerning western farm lands, what can be raised on them successfully, and the experiences of farmers who live in the west. Copies of the paper will be sent to any address for one year on receipt of 25 cents. Postage stamps accepted. Address "The Corn Belt," 200 Adams St., Chicago.

Superstitions are, for the most part, but the shadows of great truths.—Tryon Edwards.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : Editor



HAZEL GREEN, KY.

THURSDAY, Feb. 20, 1896.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We are authorized to announce CHAS. T. BYRD, of Campton, as a candidate for the office of Circuit Court Clerk for Wolfe county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

LACONIC LIVE NEWS.

The murder of Pearl Bryan in or near Newport, Ky., on the night of January 31 or the morning of February 1, was probably the most diabolical deed ever committed on Kentucky soil, "dark and bloody ground" though it be. Scott Jackson, her alleged betrayer, and his accomplice, Alonzo Walling, are supposed to have murdered the girl in cold blood, after which they cut off her head, which they hid and which has not yet been found. Will Wood, a cousin of the dead girl, has also been arrested for complicity in the crime, and the detectives and police are following up every clue that is likely to bring the perpetrators of the deed to just and prompt punishment, but so far nothing but circumstantial evidence has been produced against the trio. This, however, is so very strong in every thread of the testimony as to leave no doubt as to the guilt of the parties accused. After unconscious work day and night for ten days, the police have been able to locate and get a confession from the cabman who drove the party across the river from Cincinnati, and it is now thought they will be brought to speedy trial in Campbell county. No case has ever attracted so much attention in the criminal annals of this commonwealth, and now that the cabman has identified the two principals the noose seems to be tightening around their necks.

Col. J. M. Beatty, of this city, has been reappointed and commissioned by the governor, judge, advocate general of the state of Kentucky, with the rank of colonel. He has accepted the appointment and qualified according to law. We know of no one who would wear the honors of this important position with more grace and ease than Col. Beatty. A gentleman of high moral character, a man of culture, highly polished, and thoroughly equipped with a good education, a fine lawyer, and withal a Kentuckian, possessing a soldierly bearing, he seems the very man for the place. We feel constrained to congratulate the governor on the wisdom of the appointment. It is Col. Beatty now.—Beattyville Enterprise.

Henry Brown, known to every man who ever visited Frankfort with frequency, was murdered in that city Saturday night while attempting the arrest of Lucien Hawkins, a drunken desperado and farmer of Shelby county, and the latter was almost as suddenly killed by Officer Gordon, who was assisting Brown in making the arrest. Indeed both men were dead in less than five minutes from the time the first shot was fired by Hawkins, though Gordon escaped without a scratch. Henry Brown had been on the police force for forty years and was a quiet gentlemanly officer always. His funeral was attended by 1,500 people, which attested the esteem in which he was held by the citizens.

Scott Jackson, who is under arrest at Cincinnati for the murder of Pearl Bryan, is said to have turned state's evidence against his accomplice, Alex Letts, at Jersey City, N. J. Letts is serving time in prison for embezzling \$23,000 from the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., of which he was the assistant auditor. He and Jackson started a saloon with the money and gambled on horse races. Verily one false step leads to another. Even the first drink demands a second, and so on until the course of degradation is run. Then comes humiliation, remorse and heartaches innumerable. But, alas, these latter conditions too frequently come when hope has lost its charm.

Robert Laughlin struck and killed his wife with an iron poker while she lay asleep at their home in Bracken county. He then assaulted and afterward killed May Jones, his niece, and to hide the triple crime burned the house and its contents. He was arrested, confessed his deeds in detail, and was taken to jail at Maysville for safe keeping, but subsequently removed to a place of hiding that he might escape the vengeance of a Bracken county mob.

The Hon. Wm. C. Owens, Congressman from the Seventh Kentucky district, on Friday made his maiden speech, when he spoke for two hours in favor of a sound currency. He was complimented on all sides by congressmen and senators, and all who heard the speech pronounced it one of the strongest heard during the session.

The very latest about Jackson and Walling, the Pearl Bryan murderers, is to the effect that unless speedily removed from Cincinnati they will be hung. A call was made for 1,000 men to assemble at the jail Tuesday morning, the time set for their examining trial, and this was thought to be significant.

During a fire in a Troy (N. Y.) shirt factory on Monday night 20 or more women perished in the flames and many others were killed in jumping from windows six stories high. The conflagration was caused by the carelessness of a boy throwing a match into a lot of inflammable waste.

Gov. Bradley has sent to the senate the appointments of Dr. Porter Prather, of Owen county, and Dr. C. C. Mansfield, of Powell county, as second and third physicians, respectively, of the Eastern Kentucky Asylum at Lexington. Both were confirmed.

The twenty-fourth joint ballot in the Kentucky legislature for U. S. senator, resulted: Blackburn 49, Hunter 48, Carlisle 3, Holt 3, Cochran 1, McCreary 1, Bate 1; total 106. Who will win?

"Winter lingers in the lap of spring," and must find cold comfort in the net, judging from the whistling winds and the beautiful snow which prevails.

Very Popular in Minnesota
We have a good trade on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy; in fact, sell as much of it as all other cough medicines combined and we handle more than a dozen different kinds.—Rao & Petersen, Druggists, Pelee Rapids, Minn.

This remedy is popular because it can always be depended upon. Its promptness in curing bad colds, croup and whooping cough, makes it a favorite everywhere. For sale by John M. Ross.

Don't fail to read the ad., "Sale of Land for Taxes." It may be to your interest.

If you are indebted to this office on subscription, job work or advertising, you will oblige us very much by coming to the Captain's office and paying your dues. We need a little of the fifty laure about as bad as a hobo does a meal's victuals at times, and your promptness will relieve our distress and be forever appreciated. Never mind the cash. Come on and we'll try and attend your wants.

We will take good sound corn on all subscriptions due this office, where parties have not the money, and allow 334 cents per bushel. The corn to be delivered at this office.

Sale of Land for Taxes.

By virtue of taxes due District No. 9 from the K. U. Land Co. for the years 1894-5, I will, on the THIRTY DAY OF MARCH, 1896, at the court house door in the town of Campton, Ky., expose to public sale the following described property, to-wit: 1400 acres land adjoining lands of F. B. Ledford, in Precinct No. 4. Cost \$42.50, and all cost for advertising. This Feb. 19, 1896.

H. C. CAMPBELL, Treasurer District No. 9.

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Write to T. S. GIBSON, Drawer 106, Chicago, Secretary of the STAR ACCIDENT COMPANY, for information regarding Accident Insurance. Mention this paper. By so doing you can save membership fee. Has paid over \$600,000.00 for accidental injuries.

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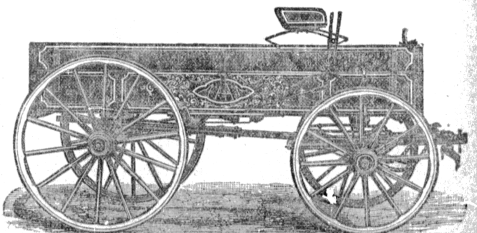
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THE HERALD.

SPECER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : KY.

SAD TEMPER AND BEEF EATING.

Belief That British Ill Humor Proceeds from a Meat Diet.

A trustworthy book on the art of feeding is provided by that talented lady, Mrs. Ernest Hart, a former student of the faculty of medicine of Paris and of the London school of medicine for women, and the authoress of a list of works whose very titles are of appalling learning to the ignorant layman. Mrs. Hart treats "Diet in Sickness and Health," and, on the high authority of Sir Henry Thompson, who writes an introduction and is himself the author of a standard treatise on the subject, she has produced a more complete epitome than is revealed by any work which has yet come under this pen.

The impression left upon the mind of a reader is that the Englishman is sadly ignorant of the true art of feeding and that he eats far too much meat and about four times as much alcohol as is good for him. On the subject of intoxicants Mrs. Hart sets forth the physiological effects of alcohol from the standpoint of one who is friendly toward its use in small quantities. As to the amount of alcohol that can be taken with impunity she says: "There is a general consensus of opinion on the part of physicians that from one to one and one-half ounces of pure alcohol is the maximum amount which a healthy man should take in 24 hours. Translated into common parlance, this means from two to three ounces of brandy or whisky, from four to six ounces of port or sherry, from ten to fifteen ounces of champagne or burundy, or from one to one and a half pints of beer or porter. More than this is harmful. Persons under 40 years of age, in whom the digestive functions are normally performed, and who show no signs of nervous disturbance or debility do not generally require alcohol at all, and are healthier and better, and are likely to live longer without it. For persons over 40, in whom digestion has become impaired by anxiety, confinement in close rooms and offices, or by sedentary or unhealthy occupations, or in whom nervous energy is exhausted or deficient, a small amount of alcohol in the form of wine or beer, taken with the food, is a useful stimulant. By its influence the secretion of gastric juice is increased, and digestion thereby promoted."

The majority take a more liberal view than the physicians and Mrs. Hart doubtless to their detriment. Here is a hint to the sedentary. "If an abundant dietary is dangerous, unless carefully watched by those who take daily active muscular exercise, it is more than dangerous, it is disastrous to those who lead sedentary lives, or who are brain workers. The great majority of our adult middle class population in cities lead sedentary lives, and it may be said unhesitatingly that they, as a rule, consume far too much albuminous food, butcher's meat in particular. The albuminoids of the food, being not fully oxidized in the body by muscular exercise, remain as effete products, and ultimately give rise to dyspepsia, liver complaints, gout and Bright's disease."

"One deplorable result of excessive meat-eating in England is the ill-temper which is a chronic moral complaint among us. In no country, I believe, is home rendered so unhappy and life made so miserable by the ill-temper of those who are obliged to live together as in England. If we compare domestic life and manners in England with those of other countries where meat does not form such an integral article of diet, a notable difference is at once remarked. In less meat-eating France, urbanity is the rule of the home; in Japan I never heard rude, angry words spoken by any but Englishmen. I am strongly of the opinion that the ill-temper of the English is caused in a great measure by a too abundant meat diet combined with sedentary life. The half-oxidized products of albumen circulating in the blood produce both mental and moral disturbances."—St. James Gazette.

Why They Were There.
"I am here, gentlemen," explained the pickpocket to his fellow-prisoners, "as the result of a moment of abstraction."
"And I," said the incendiary, "because of an unfortunate habit of making light of things."
"And I," chimed in a forger, "on account of a simple desire to make a name for myself."
"And I," added the burglar, "through nothing but taking advantage of an opening which offered in a large mercantile establishment in town."

But here the warden separated them.—London Tit-Bits.

Fleets of Boats.
"Tenderfoot! to Texas ranchman after engaging his services and 'viewing the landscape o'er'—I accept your terms; but, really, where am I to sleep?"
"Ranchman—Sleep, man? Anywhere, anywhere! I've 250,000 acres lying round here loose. I don't care a snap where you sleep.—Judge."

Restaurant Irony.
"Savory Guest—Waiter, is this a place from a cast-iron ham?"
"Imperturbable Waiter—Yes, sir, I cut it from the pig myself, sir. Anything else?"—Chicago Tribune.

THE NEW ISSUE OF BONDS.

Republican Notionaries in the Present Congress.

Congress has been in session but a short time, yet a brief review is necessary to a fair and intelligent understanding of the present situation. When Spencer Reed accepted his present position he said among other things, that "We must, above all things, avoid crude and hasty legislation." No one has ever credited Mr. Reed with the breadth and depth of a great statesman. His previous record has made him notorious as a man who would compass his ends at almost any cost, but there was a belief that he would appreciate the opportunities opened to him as an avowed presidential candidate and pursue that course of conduct which would merit the approval of all who are without selfish interests to serve. But despite his pronounced avowal of moderation and his avowal against crude and hasty legislation and the dictates of policy as affecting his political prospects, he has promoted a most disastrous course of legislative proceeding.

An obsequious committee on ways and means whipped through the house, after a discussion of three hours and forty minutes, a tariff bill covering more than 3,000 articles of import. With a life waste of consideration there was rushed through a financial measure providing for large government loans and purporting to relieve the treasury of grave embarrassments. The tariff measure is an arduous imposture, intended not to raise \$40,000,000 of revenue as pretended, but to gain firmer hold upon the element of wealth within the party for which its sinews of war are derived. So far as can be

FOR THE WOOLLEN TRADE.

The Republican Tariff Policy Is Fatal to Business.

We have shown how the tariff policy of the republican party, as expressed by the bill recently passed, would increase the cost of woollen goods, both foreign and domestic, to consumers. The bill calls for an addition of about 30 per cent. to the cost of foreign wools until August 1, 1898, and the party leaders openly promise to make a further increase at that time if they shall have the power to make it. On the other hand, they would increase the cost of domestic wools by adding 42½ per cent. to the cost of the raw material, with the understanding that they intend to add about 30 per cent. more by and by.

We invite the attention of American manufacturers of woolsens to the effect of such a policy. They have been using great quantities of wool, both foreign and domestic, during the last 11 months. They have been able to use the best wools of the world free of tariff tax. They have imported more than 125,000,000 pounds of clothing wools. Having set out to adapt their industry to the new conditions and to take advantage of them, they are now threatened by the republican party with the imposition in the near future (if the house bill should or could become a law) of a duty which would increase the cost of such wool by 42½ per cent., or from an average of 15½ cents to about 22 cents a pound, and with "compensation" amounting to about 30 per cent. of the value of foreign wools.

It is openly proclaimed, moreover, by the republican leaders that they would prefer now to impose a duty



"BENEY, MEENEY, MINEY, MO."

gathered from the evidence obtained, the financial bill, instead of affording any permanent relief to the treasury by its issue of "loan" bonds at three per cent. interest and for the prevention of the retirement of the greenbacks, was intended chiefly to conciliate the bonanza miners and the champions of fat money.

In view of these facts as well as of the further fact that the measures referred to are to be the subject of long discussion in the senate, where every financial heresy has an advocate among the republicans or their populist allies, the expected happened when Secretary Carlisle made his latest issue of bonds. Time and time again President Cleveland has given the country the most positive assurance that he would under any and all circumstances maintain the public credit by maintaining the gold reserve. When impending financial disaster became sufficiently probable to make delay hazardous, the promise was made good. A four per cent. bond alone could be issued under existing law. Everything that would tend to popularize it has been done and provision is made for the resumption of bonds under a new law should it be provided in time to make such a step practicable.

The pledge of the administration has been carried out as a matter of safety. The course of the republican party with the radical difference of sentiment that has asserted itself in the senate, has not been such as to create faith at home or in the financial world. The people, whose most vital interests are at stake, will not consent that pretensions shall prevail to jeopardize public and private credit. Thus far the majority in congress has impressed the country with a conviction that there are divided councils and greater efforts for factional advantage than for the general good. It is a matter for the heartiest congratulation that there is a strong administration to meet the dangers with which congress is showing itself incompetent to cope.—Detroit Free Press.

—The republican "do nothing" congress is keeping so still that many people doubt its existence.—Illinois State Register.

which would increase the cost price of such wool from 15½ cents to 25½ cents a pound, and the promise is clearly made that they will impose this additional tax in 1898 if they shall then control the government.

That is to say, the republican policy, as affecting the American manufacturers of woolsens, is to take the manufacturers' raw material from the free list now and tax it for 42½ per cent. for two years, and at the end of the two years to increase the tax to more than 70 per cent. What must be the effect of such repeated disturbance upon any great industry? What would be the effect of it upon the domestic manufacture of woollen goods? Can such a policy be regarded by American woollen manufacturers with complacency? We urge them to give the matter thoughtful consideration.—N. Y. Times.

PARAGRAPHIC POINTERS.

The year 1895 beat the record for republican majorities and suicides.—Albany Argus.

Several republican members of congress have shown that it is not in them to be patriotic for more than a day at a stretch.—Detroit Free Press.

The 47 republicans who voted against Carlisle's bond bill will see that Mr. Reed gets no vote from the parts of the country which they represent.—St. Paul Globe.

If Mr. Foraker and Mr. McKinley will settle their difficulties in Ohio, we will go on with the presidential aspirations of the various candidates. We pause for a reply.—Iowa State Register (Rep.).

With a man like Sherman going wrong on the financial question, a suspicion is aroused that the g. o. p. is getting ready for another national platform that will mean just what anybody wants it to.—Detroit Free Press.

A piece of one of Abraham Lincoln's nails is preserved as a relic by a man living in Abilene, Kan. That is about the only remnant of the old-fashioned, stumpy-pate republican party left in the great sundowner state.—Kansas City Star.

EARLIEST RADISHES AND YEARS.

The editor urges all readers to grow the earliest vegetables. They pay.

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The seat of pride is in the heart, and not there; and if it is not there, it is neither in the look nor in the clothes.—Lord Clarendon.

"Don the missionary bring tears to the eyes of the natives? No, but he made their mouths water."—Detroit Tribune.

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A TRYST never tasted of true friendship, nor of perfect liberty.—Diogenes.

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"Let the Redeemed of the Lord
so," the Text.

Rev. Dr. Talmage never produced more practical and suggestive sermons than Sunday. We believe it will still be Christendom. His subject was "Say so," and the text selected was Psalm cvii, 2: "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

[illegible]

the 'peace of God which passeth all understanding,' and I ask your prayers that I may live nearer to the Christ who has done so much for me." I declare that before that woman got through we were all crying, not bitter tears, but tears of joyful emotion, and in three days, in that neighborhood, all the ice had gone out of the river in a spring-time freshest of salvation.

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say

I have but little interest in what people say about religion as an abstraction, but I have illimitable interest in what people say about what they have personally felt of religion. It was an expression of his own gratitude for personal salvation which led Charles Wesley, after a season of great despondency about his soul, and Christ had spoken pardon, to write that immortal hymn:

Oh, for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise.

It was after Abraham Lincoln had been comforted in the loss of "Fad," the bright son of the white house, that he said: "I now stand before the preciousness of God's love, before Christ, and how we are brought near to God as our Father by Him."

What a thrill went through the meeting in Portland, Ore., when an ex-attorney general of the United States arose and said: "Last night I came and asked the prayers of God's people, and I was greatly satisfied. The burden is rolled off from all of us, and I feel that I could run or fly into the arms of Jesus Christ."

What a record for all time and eternity was made by Gallaeus, the play actor, in the theater at Heliopolis: A man who had been a Christian was put upon the stage. In devotion to the ordinance of baptism a bath tub, filled with water, was put upon the stage, and another actor, in awful blasphemy, dipped Gallaeus, pronouncing in his own words, "I baptize thee in the name of the Holy Ghost, the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." But coming forth from the burlesque baptism, he looked changed, and was changed, and he cried out to the audience, "I am a Christian." Though he was dragged out and stoned to death, they could not drown the testimony made under such awful circumstances, "I am a Christian; I will die as a Christian." "Let

What a confirmation would come if all who had answers to prayers would speak out! If all merchants in tight places because of hard times would tell how, in response to supplication, they got the money to pay the note. If all farmers in time of drought would tell how, in answer to prayer, the rain came just in time to save the crop. If all parents who prayed for a wandering son to come home would tell how, not long after, they heard the boy's hand on the latch of the front door.

Samuel Hick, an English Methodist preacher, solicited aid for West India slaves from the British and failed. Then the minister dropped on his knees, and the miser said, "I will give thee a guinea if thou wilt give over." But the minister continued kneeling, and the miser said, "I will give thee two guineas if thou wilt give over." Then the money was taken to the missionary meeting. Oh, the power of prayer! Melancthon, utterly alone, kneeling in prayer, in a room where children were heard praying, and he came back, saying: "Brethren, take courage; the children are praying for us." Nothing can stand before the power of prayer. In going to the class to ask puzzling questions. Many of the neighbors came in to hear the discussion. The infidel arose and said to the leader, "I belong to the class; I will not allow questions to be asked. Oh, yes," said the leader; "but at the same time let us kneel down and ask God to guide us." "Oh, no," said the infidel; "I do not intend to kneel." "I came to discuss," the "But," said the leader, "you will of course submit to our rule, and that is always to begin with prayer." The leader knelt in prayer, and the infidel said, "I will kneel." "Now you pray." The infidel replied: "I can not pray; I have no need to pray to. Let me go! Let me go!" The speaker who expected to win the infidel, by showing the futility, and a revival started, and among the first who were brought in was the infidel. That prayer did it. Many of our alive lives have been saved by prayer. Let us pray for the infidel. Then let us say so.

the world, more than any spot on earth.
That has been the place where the re-
deemed of the Lord said so!

Let the same outspokenness be employed toward those by whom we have been personally advantaged. We would not say that we are to be so frank before we say so to our parents, but we should be so to our parents' friends. We should be so to our best interests all these years. The many sometimes, their nervous system used up by the cares, the losses, the sorrows, the worries, the sorrows of life, be more sympathetic to our thought to be and they probably have faults which have become oppressive as the years go by. We should be so to our parents, long before they took us on spectacles, and we should be so to our welfare, and their hands, not so smooth and much more deeply lined than once, have done for you many a time. We should be so to our parents, then more of a struggle than we ever know about, and much of the struggle has been for you, and how much they are wrapped up in your welfare, and how much they appreciate. Have you by word or gift or deed expressed your thanks? Or if you cannot not quite get up to say it face to face, have you written it in some loving letter, and will it soon be a success, and they will be gone out of sight, and their ears will not hear and their eyes will not see. If you owe them any kindness of deed or any word of appreciation, why do you not say so?

In conjugal life the honeymoon is
 soon past and the twain take it for
 granted that each is thoroughly under-
 standing the other. But when they
 become, and the years go by, and
 perhaps nothing is said to make the
 other fully understand that sense of
 understanding. Inpatient words some-
 times come forth, and each is mis-
 interpreted, and it is taken as a matter
 of course that the two will walk the
 path of life side by side until about the
 middle of the journey has been ended,
 when some sudden thing is appalling, and
 the unconscious right hands that were
 clasped years before at the altar of
 orange blossoms, the parting takes
 place. How often the one who has
 grown is that you did not often, if you
 never did at all, tell her or tell him how
 indispensable she was, or how indis-
 pensable he was to your happiness,
 and that you could not have lived
 so long ago, you did not ask for forgive-
 ness for infirmities and neglects, and
 by some unlimited utterance make it
 clear that you were so appreciated
 for the fidelity and re-enforcement
 of many years. Alas how many such have
 no lament the rest of their lives: "Oh,

But that only said so. The Lord has hundreds of thousands of people among those who have never joined His army because of some high ideal of what a Christian should be, and because of some high ideal of what a Christian should do. They have never publicly professed Christ. They have as much right to the sacraments and as much right to be in the church as the thousands who have for years been enrolled in church membership, and yet they have made no positive utterance by which the world may know they are Christians. They are redeemed of the Lord, and yet do not say so. Oh, what an argumentation it would be if by some means impulse all those outsiders who are not Christians should be made that would bring them to their right places, and, perhaps, nothing else will. What a persecution! If they were committed to the same as were Christians and filled enemies, the world take the side of Christ, and the fagots and the instruments of torture, and the anathemas of all earth and hell would not be too much for them. But let them wait out of such stuff as they are. But let them not wait for such days as I pray God may never come. Drawn by the sense of fairness and justice and the knowledge that the Lord has redeemed the Lord say so!

replied: "In the first place, you are always in your seat in the church, and that helps me; and in the second place, you are always wide awake and alert, looking right up into my face, and that helps me; and in the third place, often see tears running down your cheeks, and that helps me." What a good thing he did not wait until she was dead before he said so!

There are hundreds of ministers who have tried to make sermons by having no one express any appreciation. They are afraid of making him vain. The moment the benediction is pronounced they turn on their heels and walk away. They are afraid of the on which he had put especial pains. He sought for the right text, and he did his best to put the old thought in new words. He had prayed that it might go straight to the hearts of the people. He had added to the argument the most vivid illustrations he could think of. He had delivered with all his power, and now he was nervously exhausted. Five hundred people may have been blessed and he received upon a higher life and another step toward the goal. But the clank of the pew door, or the shuffling of feet in the aisle, or some remark about the weather, the last resort of the uneducated, had spoiled it all. "Up and away, frankly," "You have done me good?"

Why did not some woman come up and say: I shall go home and take up the burden of life more cheerfully! Why did not some professional man come up and say: "Thank you, dominie, for that good advice. I will take it. God bless you?" Why did they not tell him so? I have known ministers, in the nervous reaction that comes to some soon after the delivery of a sermon, with no seeming result, to go home and roll on the floor in agony.

But to make up for this lack of out-
spoken religion there needs to be, and
will be, a Great Day, when amid the
sons and grandsons of a listening
university, the statistics of the
infantile sicknesses, and brought up
their families to manhood and wom-
anhood, will find them upon the
useful and successful life-
line never received one "Thank
you" that amounted to anything.
The daughters became queens in so-
cial life or were affianced in the high-
est of the social spheres, and were
the first honors of the university and
became radiant in monetary or profes-
sional spheres. Now the secret of all
that uplifted maternal influence must
be this: Society did not say so; the
church did not say so; the world did
not say so; but on that day of all other
days, the last day, God will say so.

There are men to whom life is a
 a grid and a conflict, hereditary ten-
 tendencies to be overcome, accidental en-
 dings to be met and conquered, and
 opposition to be met and conquered,
 and they never so much as had a rose
 pinned to their coat lapel in admiration.
 They never had a song
 dedicated to their name. They
 never had a book of presence
 to them with complimentary word
 on the flyleaf. All they have to show
 for their lifetime battle is scars. But
 in the Last Day the storm will come
 and the wind will blow the
 and transcendent rhythm, and their
 courage, and persistence, and faith,
 and victory will not only be an-
 nounced, but rewarded. "These are
 the men who have washed the tribulation
 and had their robes washed white
 made white in the blood of the Lamb."

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The cygnet, a peculiar variety of swan, which has been bred at the farm, appears closely resemble those used by carmen.

In India at the time of the British occupation fatted rings were fashionable. When the Russian czar wore on the second finger that which almost all the outer portion of the land.

It would seem that the tale of the cat's paw punch hole has crossed the Atlantic. When the Russian czar, Czarskine put into Great Britain all difficulties were avoided by her officers presenting a handsome ten ruble gold piece, called Czar's coin, and receiving in return a silver statuette.

Within the past three years Philadelphia has laid 171 miles of asphalt and 238 of Belgian brick, a total of 609 miles of street pavement. The work was done by the Pennsylvania Electric Power companies operated by electric power paid \$13,510,000, according to agreement.

Austria's new ministry has sent a circular to all public prosecutors reminding them that freedom of the press is guaranteed by the constitution and warning them that the illegal practice of confiscating newspapers, on the ground that they incite to hatred and contempt, will no longer be tolerated.

A Runic stone, lately dredged out of Haver harbor, turns out to be part of the Norwegian exhibit at the Paris exhibition of 1867 which was dropped overboard by the crew of the ship bound for Norway. If this fact had been known to the effect of the stone would probably have been taken for a relic of the Viking settlers of Normandy.

An instance of how savages disregard the laws of nature is afforded by a cartridge dropped in the camp fire of one Mr. H. H. Johnston's party, so that the doctor amputated the man's finger as he feared it might be secured by the effects of the chloroform. He was told to stay in the hospital and come tomorrow next day. In the morning he could not be found, and it was after some time before his body was recovered. His lead with the other carriers and carried it to Blantyre, over 40 miles away.

The cliff where more sea birds are said to build their nests than anywhere else in America is found in the coast of Norway. It is 1,000 feet high and is known by the name of Svorholtstubbena Kittiwakes have built their nests about and seaweed for food in immense quantities. They remain from year to year on the narrow shelves of the cliff side, being repaired, like rocks near the shore, for each coming season and until they hang into space and frequently fall. One day a soldier colony a gun shot and killed a bird, so many birds arise that the mass darkens the whole sky for a moment.

AMERICA'S BARREN WATERS.

Arid Lands That May Be Made Fertile by the Means of Irrigation.

Between the Colorado mountains and the Sierra Nevada range, and extending over portions of Idaho, Utah, Nevada, California, Arizona and New Mexico, there is a vast tract of arid land, upon which little vegetation ever grows. This land will be redeemed in time through artificial irrigation, but at present government aid has been refused in furthering irrigation works, but it has not been forthcoming. There is an abundance of water in natural streams to water the entire region between the two great mountain ranges, and if the water were distributed by irrigation has made good headway in Utah under private ownership (cattle ranches, reservoirs, etc.). But in Arizona, California and Nevada the area of waste land is enormous. A private enterprise has made little inroad upon it.

One of the unpleasant features of a trip to California, by either one of the southern rail routes is the crossing of the desert. The traveler passes through Arizona. There are stretches of forty miles in extent where no vegetation greets the eye of the traveler, there will be miles of country covered with low brush, or perhaps a few mesquite and grasswood, interspersed with unnumerable species of prickly pears. Cactus grows in every conceivable shape and in as many different sizes as the trees of our temperate zone. Known as the giant cactus, grows in solid trunk usually, though sometimes ending out one or two branches, and reaches a height of from 20 to 30 feet. The plant is very hardy and is well adapted to the manufacture of paper, and even for that purpose it is perfectly adapted. What is now known as the great American desert is a barren waste, and the proper system of irrigation has been devised and is in partial operation.—*Arizona*.

A Very Careful Chap.

"You must never throw blame to anybody," said Mr. McKeen to a friend.

"Why not?"

"Because women are such poor sorts, in town they would hit you first."

—*Tribune Topics*.

WILLIAMS.

The poor child stood in the dark with that sad look on her face. It was a pleasant morning in November. There had been a rain the day before but this morning the rain had ceased, and the air was still, and when she had finished sweeping off the front veranda she stopped on the walk to listen to the many sounds and noises which she could hear in the little country town in which she lived. Ray Williams was only a sweet blue-eyed girl that cared for her little sisters and kept the work going in her father's house, for her mother was dead. Her mother that lived before her was a golden haired little creature with laughing blue eyes. She had many sweethearts but always said she would be an old maid. So one day while she was washing clothes (for this golden haired little maiden did her mother's work) a farmer's wagon drove to the gate, and from it alighted a man and his son, who had lately moved in the neighborhood. They had come to buy corn of Ina's father (for this was her name). This was the turning point in Ina's life. She no longer cared to be an old maid. Mr. Williams' son held her heart. He was a school teacher by profession and was tall and handsome, with bright brown eyes, while his hair was pompadoured nicely from his broad, smooth forehead. He also wore a mustache that improved his looks very much. Every one of the happy hours which he and Ina spent together afterward. And when the June roses were just budding to bloom, they were married in the quaint little church at Jamestown. They moved to a country not very much settled, and when the baby girl came they called her Ray, because she was like a ray of sunshine to that humble home. There were two or three other children, but Ray was the oldest. When Ray was four years old her father took her to the public school on the morning it opened. She was very shy at first among so many strange children, but that soon wore off, and being quick to learn, she soon stood first in her class. Things went on in the same way each year until Ray was ten years old. Such a bright, happy laugh, and loud clasp of her hands when one eve after she came home from school her father told her she must go to the boarding school about six miles away. Ben Williams was a poor man when he married, but by skillful management and being economical he and his gentle wife, now grown some larger since the time she stood under the bridal veil in the little Jamestown church, had gained quite a little fortune, though some three years after their marriage an old uncle of Ben's, who lived in the west had died and left him a small inheritance. Every thing was a stir and bustle preparing for Ray to enter the boarding school on the first day of January. One of Ray's aunts had come to help her mother sew and make necessary preparations. The eve before the opening of school found Ray in the quaint little carriage made for country roads, which were very bad at this time, with her father on the way to boarding school. Months passed away and vacation came. Ray was happy to get a rest at home again. The summer passed away as usual until time for school again, and she was sent twenty-three miles from home to another boarding school, it being better than the first. The years rolled on and brought about the same events each year until Ray was 16 years old. She was then prepared to become a teacher. She taught a little country school in Kissing Hollow. (The name being given because there was a little dip in the road at the turn of the hill where sweet-hearts could kiss each other and not be seen.) One day a company of students traveling for pleasure passed through and caught sight of the little blue eyed teacher with such beautiful brown curls. One of them finds a boarding place in the neighborhood and often were the long walks after flowers, and jolly rides over the hills when school was not going on. That winter they attended the same college together, and the result was an engagement, for the wealthy college student had lost his heart to her that bright sunny evening he saw her

in the school-room. Many were the letters that followed during vacation. But while all this was going on the little mother at home had lost her health and poor little Ray would not leave her to attend school any more. Mr. Williams had other children besides Ray that needed an education, so he left that dear little farm home, made so snug and pleasant, and went to a country town called Daintree, which boasted of an academy, where the children might be educated, and Ray could still be with her mother. He thought, perhaps, it might improve her health to give her a little change of air and water. They had not been there many months until the little mother died and was laid away in the little graveyard at Daintree, leaving her children to the care of others. Poor little Ray. Her heart was almost broken, but there was Earl to comfort her. (Earl Huntington was the college student to whom she was engaged). Ray seldom went out anywhere now. She only tried to live to make others happy, especially Earl, for they were to be married in the autumn. She kept the home as pleasant as possible for her father's sake, but he was away most of the time now. There was the children to care for and she did for them just what she thought her mother would do. Ray was now 18 years old and they were still living at Daintree, but she had seemed very sad the last three or four weeks. "It was trying in vain to find the cause," said her younger sister, but Earl Huntington might have guessed the cause. He surely had not ceased to love Ray. Yet she had not received a letter from him for that length of time and a long time before, when he was accustomed to writing once a week. It was this which caused Ray Williams, who was the light of the house, to become sad and despondent. Truly did she love Earl Huntington, and this was one reason why she lingered on the walk that November morning listening to the sounds and feeling so lonely and empty hearted. Earl Huntington would have thought it a beautiful picture could he have seen her standing there. There she stood in her dress of mourning and her curls held back from her face by side combs, and the broom in her hand. Indeed it was a pretty sight, although she was pale and looked lonely like the motherless girl she was. "If he would only write and tell me the cause," she thought. Perhaps he had written, and the letter was lost, as there were many postoffices between Daintree and the city in which Earl's father was a wealthy banker. She thought if he would just be plain and say he did not love her she could bear it better, but she could not endure suspense even when a child. Oh! if she only had known that Earl Huntington was wishing to be rid of her then. He had found the city with its pleasures, and almost forgotten the modest little letter waiting to be answered. It was at a grand ball where he met Beulah Clifford. She was tall and stately with midnight eyes and raven hair. She thought the tall dark haired man looked like a king among men. But little did she know that a little blue eyed maiden far away loved him far better than ever she would. But Beulah's rich old aunt, who was her chaperon, said it would be a good match, and she decided to catch him. She was a vain, brilliant young lady, but a fine dancer and beautiful, and Earl did not think to look for her virtues then, for her beautiful face and form had captivated him. His father had not approved much of his former engagement, and was very anxious that his son break the engagement and marry the beautiful young heiress. It was a bright sunny day and everything seemed happy but Earl Huntington. He had come early in the morning and had not left his room that day. Ah! if Ray had known this. He had been thinking over and over in his mind how he could ask Ray to release him, and feared she would cause trouble. The servant came to the door and handed him a letter, and he never realized Ray's worth until he read that sweet, violet scented note. It was written by Ray, giving him his freedom if he no longer cared for her. He thought it the sweetest letter she had ever written, and how could he ever forget to an-

swer her letter? He no longer wanted to be released, and it was with haste that he prepared to call on Beulah Clifford, not to form an engagement, but to ask to be excused from the next ball, as he was going away on business. It was with a happy heart that Ray had swept and dusted this cool frosty morning, and she must indeed hurry and get Aunt Chloe to come and help prepare supper, for she had received a telegram and there would be company. (Aunt Chloe was an old negro who lived in Daintree.) Ray had just donned her hat and black dress and braided up her curls when she heard the carriage coming. No wonder her eyes shone like stars and pink roses bloomed on her cheeks. It was Earl coming. It has not been long since there was a quiet wedding in the little Jamestown church, as it was Rays wish to be married where her mother had been twenty years before. Ray will never know how near she came to losing her husband, and how that modest little note brought back his love. Neither will Beulah Clifford know that was the cause of his leaving so suddenly and bringing home a bride, but she will not miss him as her aunt says there are plenty of catches this season. In after years Earl has often wondered how he could ever thought Beulah more beautiful than Ray. Her beauty now fades into mere loveliness beside Ray's real beauty—beauty of heart and soul. N. L. W.

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Office of THE PIONEER PRESS COMPANY, C. W. HORNICK, Supr. ST. PAUL, MINN., September 7, 1894. EUREKA CHEMICAL AND MFG CO., LA. CROSS, WIS. Dear Sir—I have been a tobacco fiend for many years, and during the past two years have smoked fifteen to twenty cigars regularly every day. My whole nervous system became affected, until my physician told me I must give up the use of tobacco for the time being, at least. I tried the so-called "Kestley Cure," "No-To-Bac" and various other remedies, but without success, until I accidentally learned of your "Baco Cure." Three weeks ago today I commenced using your preparation, and today I consider myself completely cured; I am in perfect health, and the horrible craving for tobacco, which every inveterate smoker fully appreciates, has completely left me. I consider your "Baco-Cure" simply wonderful, and can fully recommend it. Yours very truly, C. W. HORNICK.

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